

SOURCES OF LOVE AND HATE

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interest in her own genitals developed, she began to display a series of minor phobias and anxieties. At the time of writing, her mother reports : " She will not go upstairs alone, or to the lavatory, and dislikes staying in a room alone. At the same time, she has occasionally made a distinct effort to do so but has drawn back, obviously finding it impossible. Otherwise she is very happy, at home and at school, eager and greedy to learn, keeping herself amused and rinding herself occupations and being delightful and sweet."

(Aged 3;2) Ursula admired a little baby in a 'bus. Ursula : " I would like a little baby like that. Will you get me one ? " Mother: *Where shall I get it?* You can buy it in a shop. *What sort of shop sells babies ?* A shop like that where Daddy took my dolly to be mended. *Do you mean a real baby or a toy baby ? Does the shop sell real babies do you think ?* It sells real babies and dollies and toy babies.

(3;5) Apropos of a story of how her mother went to Belgium as a child, the question again arose as to where she was then, leading to other questions again : " *How did you make me ?* " " How did I come out ? "

(3;5) To her father during his bath: "Your underneath shake, Daddy. Mine don't shake/'

To her mother later with glee: " My underneath are shaking now, Mummy ! "

(3;5) Carrying her doll: " She keeps falling down. She's as heavy for me as I am . . ." (Presumably to complete, " for you ".)

(3;5) Examining her person: " Are your underneath like my underneath, Mummy ? " Pointing to one part of herself: " What's that for ? "

U.: " How did you eat when I was in your tummy, Mummy ? "

(3i5) Ui: rather querulously, " Mummy, why was I in your tummy ? " " How did Daddy plant the seed in your tummy ? "

(3;6) A dream. " About a doggie and he did the a-a on the

stairs, like a pudding, like a jelly, and everybody
had to jump
over it. Wasn't it a funny dream ? "

(3;6) After a visit to the lavatory: "Our
underneaths don't
shake, Daddy's do."

(3;6) Molly came for the day. After lunch they
both went
with B, to the " weeny park ". At tea-time U.
came rushing
up to her mother angry and tearful: " Molly got
home first.
/ wanted to be first." Passionately angry: " I
don't want her
to come again."